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Emmanuel

Matthew Russell

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FROM

Miss Longfellow.....

Mrs. Dana and Mrs. Thorp.

7 Nov. 1894.....

To the Author
of "Evangeline"

With the author's
affectionate admiration

April 12/87

①

EMMANUEL;

A Book of Eucharistic Verses.

BY THE
REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.
=

"They shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is,
God with us."—*Matt. i. 23.*

Sixth Edition.

DUBLIN :
M. H. GILL & SON, 50 UPPER SACKVILLE-ST.
1880.

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from

Miss. Langfellow,

Mrs. Dana, & Mrs. Thorp,

7 NOV. 1894

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✠ PAULUS CARDINALIS CULLEN,

Archiepiscopus Dubliniensis.

TO C. W. RUSSELL, D.D.

President of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth.

This is too small a book to offer to you in this manner, yet I am unwilling to miss my first opportunity of thus joining my name with yours. I have not asked your leave, for you would withhold it. But you will, I think, forgive me more readily, if, remembering that one of the meanings of Eucharist is Thanksgiving, I make use of these Eucharistic Verses to express also my gratitude towards two other friends, whose friendship is not the least prized of your gifts to me. The little volume was planned during your sojourn (which I so often shared) at their seaside home last summer; and it is, therefore, linked already with those kind friends and with you by many most grateful and affectionate memories. These associations will make you look on it, even more kindly than you would otherwise be sure to do. I offer it, my dear Uncle, as a very slight but very sincere token of the love, gratitude, and veneration, which, in common with very many who owe you much less, I feel and shall always feel towards you.

MATTHEW RUSSELL.

Of old was heard the warning sound :
“ Beware ! thou treadest holy ground.”

Like warning in my ear doth ring,
When I Emmanuel's praise would sing.

From out that burning bush the cry
Smote the young Hebrew : “ Draw not nigh !”

But from the tabernacle here
Venite ! falleth low and clear.

“ Come !” Lo, I come, and on thy shrine
I lay with love these leaves of mine.

PREFACE.

THESE Eucharistic Verses, which were nearly all written many years ago, are put together in their present shape rather as prayers than as poems. I hope they will be found sufficiently earnest and simple to be sometimes used as practical exercises of devotion towards the Blessed Eucharist—that Sacrament in which our Divine Redeemer, in a sense even more intimate and tender than in the Incarnation, has become indeed our Emmanuel, *Nobiscum Deus*, “God with us.”

With my own pieces I have joined in an appendix a few others on the same divine theme. These also may be considered in a certain sense original, for they are not taken from any miscellaneous collections, but have all (except one anonymous piece) been kindly laid at my disposal by the writers. Two or three of these poems are translations, of which it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that “the wine of poetry has been poured from the golden

to the silver cup without scattering one drop of the magic draught."

Side by side with some other translations contained in this book, I have placed the original poems. Readers acquainted with the languages from which they are taken will prefer these exquisite hymns in their more perfect form, and will thus also appreciate better the fidelity which is aimed at in these new versions.

Let me now end with the words which, repeated on its last page, shall bring this little book itself to an end, and which both there and here are meant to be taken, not as a mere form, but as an earnest entreaty:—

If, hiding 'neath these simple rhymes,
Grace o'er thy soul its influence shed,
Kind reader, breathe a prayer betimes
For me, if living—still more, if dead.

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COLOPHON, page 111.

* This and the six following are translations, of which the originals are given, stanza for stanza, on the opposite pages.

EUCCHARISTIC VERSES.

EMMANUEL.

"They shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us."—Matt. i. 23.

EMMANUEL ! O God with us !

We know where Christ doth hide,
That He who makes the Blessèd blest,
For whom the Patriarchs sighed,
He the true lover of our souls,
May near us still abide.

We know how well He earneth *now*
That sweet and mystic name
Which the "great prophet" gave to Him
Long ages ere He came—
Long ages ere his Heart revealed
Its dearest, deepest claim.

Long ages ere the Son of God
Came down on earth to dwell—
Ere Gabriel yet began for us
That prayer we love so well—
Isaias* had proclaimed : "His name
Shall be Emmanuel."

* Isaias, vii. 14. He is called "the great prophet" by Ecclesiasticus, xlviii. 25. The "prayer we love so well" is the *Hail Mary*.

And when at last Thou camest, Lord,
The Son of Man to be,
When Mary's eyes beheld what kings
Had yearned in vain to see :
That name thy first Evangelist
Interpreted of Thee.

Nobiscum Deus, God with us
In this dark vale exiled—
O new-born Babe on Mary's breast!
O weeping, smiling Child !
O toiling Youth ! O wayworn Man !
O crucified, reviled !

With us in all our human ways—
With us, true God, true man,
Bearing all griefs that mortals bear
And more than mortal can :
With us He lived, for us He died,
Nor closed with death his plan.

For, "having loved his own on earth,
He loved them to the end,"*
With love that doth man's highest thought
Unspeakably transcend,
Far past that bound Himself had set,
"That friend should die for friend."

* John, xiii. 1.

So, when it came, the hour to die,
And then from earth to part,
He left a token of his love
Worthy of ev'n *his* Heart—
Abyss of love so deep that we
Back in mute wonder start.

Yet Love demands not fear but love.
With loving, trustful fear,
With faith and hope and humble prayer,
And with pure hearts draw near.
Woe, woe to those who Christ's sweet call
With scorn refuse to hear!

They find forsooth "his saying hard,"
Like some that heard it first.*
Ah! wretched men to loathe the fount
For which their souls should thirst—
'Tis they whom in his holy wrath
The meek Apostle cursed.

Unhappy they who Christ's great love
Believe not nor return,
Who cavil at his plainest speech,
His clearest promise spurn;
Though in God's Word and in God's Church
No truth more bright can burn.

* John, vi. 61.

Promised, fulfilled, recorded thrice,*
 Preached by St. Paul again—
 The theme of Saints in ev'ry age—
 With many a solemn strain
 Adored in million Christian shrines :
 Yet false all this and vain !

For man, the judge of God's behests,
 Decrees it cannot be !
 Dread Lord of Heaven, shall such a worm
 Presume to set for Thee
 The limit which alone Thou canst
 Set for the swelling sea ? †

“ Thus far, O Babe of Bethlehem !
 Thy love shall bring Thee low ;
 Thus far, O Christ of Calvary !
 Let thy abasement go :
 But Jesus in the Eucharist,
 Upon our altars ? No !

“ Thus far, no farther ! ” Mighty God !
 Not mine such impious cry.
 “ *This is My Body,* ” Thou hast said,
 And for thy truth I'd die.
 “ *This is My Body.* ” I believe,
 Nor ask Thee how or why.

* Matt. xxvi. ; Mark, xiv. ; Luke, xxii.

† Job, xxxviii. 11.

For God hath spoken. No mere man
This mystery conceived.
Did Jesus speak such words, and know
They would be thus believed ?
Then, God of truth ! if this be false,
By Thee we are deceived !*

Forgive my words ; and *them* forgive
Who hold thy words untrue.
Forgive cold unbelieving hearts—
And cold believers, too.
Forgive them, Lord !—forgive us all :
“ We know not what we do.”

But Thee we know. Thy boundless power,
Thy promises, are plain :
The love which drew Thee down to earth
Bids Thee on earth remain.
Ah ! this unutterable love
Must not, must not be vain.

Alas, false reason, carnal pride,
Thy gift as vain deplore :
“ Why all this waste† of love ?” they cry,
As proud men blamed of yore
The sinful one, who on thy feet
Her costly balm would pour.

* “ Domine, si error est, a te decepti sumus.”—*St. Augustine.*

† “ Ut quid perditio hæc ?”—*Matt. xxvi. 8.*

Yet not in vain Thou lavishest
On us thy wealth divine.
Aye, we have struggled long, but now
The contest we resign ;
Vicisti! Thou hast conquered, Lord !
Our hearts at last are thine.

Be, then, our hearts' Emmanuel,
For Thou, indeed, art so.
Oh! walk with us upon our way,
And our cold hearts shall glow
While in the breaking of this Bread
Our Lord and God we know.*

Stay with us, for the road is long,
And lurking foes infest.
Stay with us, for the darkness falls,
And we are fain to rest ;
But rest there's none, dear Lord of life !
Save on thy loving breast.

Nay, rather make us stay with Thee !
Sweet Jesus, guard us well,
Nor weary till Thou bear us safe,
In thine own Heaven to dwell,
Where Thou wilt through eternity
Be our Emmanuel.

* Luke, xxiv. 29, 32, 35.

PRAISE TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.*

Clear vault of Heaven, serenely blue,
How many stars come shining through
Thy azure depths?

"Beyond all count are they."

Praised be the Holy Sacrament as many times a day!

Fair world, the work of God's right hand,
How many are the grains of sand
In all thy frame?

"Beyond all count are they."

Praised be the Holy Sacrament as many times a day!

Green meadow, wide as eye can see,
How many o'er thy sward may be
The blades of grass?

"Beyond all count are they."

Praised be the Holy Sacrament as many times a day!

Oh, groves and gardens rich and fair,
What bounteous harvests do ye bear
Of fruits and flowers?

"Beyond all count are they."

Praised be the Holy Sacrament as many times a day!

*From Madame Swetchine's French prose version of an old German hymn. The original of an Irish poem of the twelfth century, curiously similar to the above, is given in the *IRISH MONTHLY*, vol. vi., p. 379, with a metrical version by Mr. D. F. M'Carthy.

Great ocean, boundless, uncontrolled,
How many do thy waters hold
Of briny drops ?

“ Beyond all count are they.”

Praised be the Holy Sacrament as many times a day !

High sun, of all things centre bright,
How many are the rays of light
That from thee dart ?

“ Beyond all count are they.”

Praised be the Holy Sacrament as many times a day !

Eternity, O vast sublime !
How many moments of our time
Are in thy length ?

“ Beyond all count are they.”

Praised be the Holy Sacrament as many times a day.



VENI, JESU.

A PRAYER BEFORE COMMUNION.

COME, O Lord, my God, my All !
 I have heard thy loving call ;
 Thou hast drawn me by thy charms,
 Thou hast raised me in thine arms.
 Draw me closer still, I pray,
Veni, Jesu Domine,
Veni ! veni !

Come, oh ! come, my Jesus, come,
 Make this yearning heart thy home.
 Come, but ere Thou come, prepare
 For thyself a dwelling there.
 Come ! No longer, Lord, delay,
Veni, Jesu Domine,
Veni ! veni !

Why is not my heart on fire
 With an angel's pure desire ?
 He whose smile makes angels blest
 Comes within my heart to rest ;
 Soon, too soon !—Make straight his way,
Veni, Jesu Domine,
Veni ! veni !

Lo, He comes, the Saviour ! He
From his glad eternity
Looked with pity on our woe,
Saying, *Ecce venio.*
Pity still his heart doth sway—
Veni, Jesu Domine,
Veni ! veni !

Human heart can never know
All the love Thou here dost show :
Angel's voice could never tell
What the souls that love Thee well
Taste, each sweet Communion day.
Veni, Jesu Domine,
Veni ! veni !

But can e'en thy Heart endure
One so selfish, mean, impure—
So ungrateful, Lord, to Thee
Who hast shed thy blood for me ?
How can *I* dare thus to say,
Veni, Jesu Domine,
Veni ! veni !

Leave me, Lord, depart, depart !
Come not near so vile a heart.
Nay, forgive this foolish cry,
For without Thee, Lord, I die.
Pity me, turn not away,
Veni, Jesu Domine,
Veni ! veni !

Come with every needed grace ;
Make my heart a holy place,
Rich in faith and prayer and love,
Pure as happy saints above.
Cleanse all trace of sin away,
Veni, Jesu Domine,
Veni ! veni !

Veni ! Come, my Jesus, see
How my heart doth yearn for Thee.
Come, and place thy Heart as seal
On whate'er I do or feel.
Come to me, and with me stay,
Mane mecum, Domine,
Veni veni !

COMMUNION DAY.

I. AFTER CONFESSION.

“Be ye sanctified, for to-morrow the Lord will work wonders in you.”

Josue, iii. 5.

O God, my maker, Saviour, Lord !
 Into thy arms I flee,
 Again I hear thy tender word :
 “Come back, come back to Me !
 Come back, and I'll forget thy sin.”
 Ah ! whither have I strayed
 From Thee who didst so dearly win
 The souls that Thou hast made ?

But I have come, and here I kneel
 Like Magdalene in tears,
 And sighs of love and sorrow steal
 From contrite hopes and fears.
 Guilt melts in anguish sweet away
 Since Thou on me hast smiled ;
 Thy lips, thy Heart, thy meek eyes say,
 “Go, sin no more, my child !”

Bless, O my soul, the Lord ! let all
 Within thee praise his name ;
 Bless Him, and evermore recall
 His ceaseless bounty's claim.

He hath forgiven thee all thy sins,
 His touch hath made thee whole—
 Mercy the fight from Justice wins :
 Bless thou the Lord, my soul !

But I am very weak and poor,
 And, though my sin 's forgiven,
 My heart can never feel secure
 Till its first beat in heaven.
 Still must I weep ; " Forgive, forgive !"
 My heart's cry still must be
 For grace, if not to die, to live
 For Him who died for me.

" More love than this no heart can prove,
 That friend should die for friend ;"
 Nay, Lord, with yet a greater love
Thou " lovest to the end."
 Beyond the utmost reach of thought,
 Thy love for me is borne ;
 What heart could ne'er have dreamed or sought
 Thou'lt give to-morrow morn.

— — —

II. AT WAKING.

" Come down quickly, for to-day I will tarry in thy house."
Luke, xix. 5.

WHAT day is this ? Ah ! yes, to-day
 My Jesus comes to me.
 Let every thought, my soul, give way
 To this—thou soon shalt be

The home of Him whose home is heaven :
 Oh ! welcome, love and praise
 The Guest who comes, the gift that's given
 On sweet Communion days.

To-day once more, and soon, too soon,
 Ere scarce an hour depart,
 My Jesus comes—O wondrous boon !—
 Into this wretched heart.

Into my very heart He steals—
 He whom the heavens adore,
 His glory for my love conceals
 That I may love Him more.

He whispers now, as from the tree
 Zacchæus heard Him say :
 “ Come down in haste, for I with thee
 Would fain abide this day.
 Come down ! ” I come. Yet, Lord, dear Lord !
 How canst Thou long for me,
 Whilst I, alas ! too true the word,
 But *long to long* for Thee ?*

This moment hearts that love Thee well
 Are pining till Thou come :
 The holy nun in convent cell,
 The dying maid at home,
 The priest who at the altar bows,
 The faithful kneeling nigh :
 All yearn for Thee with ardent vows—
 Alas ! how cold am I !

* “ Concupivit anima mea desiderare justificationes tuas.”—Ps. cxiii.

Come, Holy Ghost, come Thou before
To cleanse, excite, and warn,
And ere the Bridegroom reach the door,
The banquet-hall adorn.
Array my soul in bridal gear,
Each earthy stain remove,
That He who comes may enter here
With joy, content, and love.

III. BEFORE HOLY COMMUNION.

“ Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat of the fruit of his apple-trees.”—*Cant.* vi. 1.

THE mystic rites steal silent on,
The awful moment nears ;
Where are my sighs of longing gone ?
Where are my burning tears ?
Unseen before this lowly shrine
Adoring angels kneel,
Hymning their hymns of praise divine—
Ah ! felt I as they feel !

For tinkling bell hath heralded
The coming of the King,
Who soon will closer come, to wed
My soul with robe and ring.

Wake, thou that sleepest! wake to bliss,
To tremulous desire,
To rapturous love, for love like this
Must set e'en thee on fire.

Yet God, and all his saints on high,
And she, the Mother-Queen,
Too well, too well they know that I
Have very sinful been.
But you, kind-hearted, sinless saints,
And thou, my Mother, thou,
Ah! pity my remorseful plaints,
Pity and help me now.

For see, He comes, the King of kings,
Throned on so mean a throne,
Disguised so low, that he who brings
Must speak to make Him known:
"Behold the Lamb who once was slain
For thee the serf of sin,
And who, thy soul yet more to gain,
Comes now to lodge within."

But, Lord, I am not worthy—no,
Stoop not to such a home.
I am not worthy, Lord, yet lo!
Thou comest—and I come!
Hush, hush, poor heart—nor sob nor groan—
One secret thrill, no more!
Then by thyself, *but not alone*,
Thank, promise, love, adore.

IV. AFTER HOLY COMMUNION.

‘I have found Him whom my soul loveth, and I will not let Him go.’

Cant. iii. 4.

IN happy calm, with drooping brow
 And downcast, moistened eyes,
 Commune, my soul, with Him who now
 (O God!) within thee lies.
 My God, my God, what hast Thou done?
 And whence is this to me,
 That not God’s Mother, but her Son,
 Beneath my roof should be?*

This is the bread of angels, Lord!
 Alas! no angel I—
 Yet have I dared, at thy sweet word,
 To draw me trembling nigh.
 For many a touching proof hath shown
 How good a God Thou art,
 And oft hast Thou thus amorous flown
 To feed my famished heart.

The Lord is with me. Let me kneel
 In peaceful, prayerful bliss,
 And wonder that I cannot feel
 A better love than this.

* “Whence is this to me that the Mother of my Lord should come to visit me.”—*Luke, i. 43.*

The Lord is with me. Do not flee,
O hidden God, but true !
Till pow'r and love have wrought in me
The work they've come to do.

All I can wish or need Thou hast—
All that I ask Thou'lt give.
I only pray, forget the past,
And bid my poor soul live ;
I only crave thy saving grace,
Grant this, and all is well—
And when unveiled I see thy face,
What deeds of love I'll tell !

Thy love herein its utmost strove—
And oh ! what love but thine
Could think of such a sign of love,
Could give to me that sign ?
Then leave, if now Thou needs must go,
Thy spirit in my breast,
That purity and peace may glow
Where God hath been a guest.

V. THANKSGIVING VISIT.

" And Jesus said : Were not ten made clean, and where are the nine ?
There is no one found to return and give glory to God but this stranger."—
Luke, xvii. 17.

AGAIN I kneel before the shrine,
Whence Love came forth this morn,

To nestle in this heart of mine,
E'en of itself the scorn.
That thankless heart has scarce since then
Sent back one sigh to Thee,
Whilst, Lover of unloving men!
Thy Heart kept watch for me.

So all day long and all the night
Here dost Thou fondly hide,
For 'tis thy marvellous delight
Thus near me to abide;
And 'midst the praise of every land
Thou wouldst my homage miss!
My heart, though hard, can *not* withstand
The shock of love like this.

Yet still that heart is hard and dry.
If Thou hadst never come
To live for me, for me to die,
And make my breast thy home—
E'en *then*, great God! I'd owe to Thee
My heart's full love and praise:
But what for Him who died for me,
And for my sake thus stays?

Him! He who slept in Mary's arms,
Who drooped a thorn-pierced brow,
Who glads the seraphs with his charms,
Is very near me now.

This is thy home, Lord, and my heart
Must haunt it night and day,
And, when I've played my little part,
I'll steal in here and pray.

My visits in the days gone by
Have been too brief, too few :
Yet grant, dread Guest ! henceforth that I
May pay Thee service due.
Would it were mine with tears and sighs
Thy love's long watch to share ;
But no, I hear Thee whisper, " Rise !
Go do my will elsewhere !"



ANOTHER VISIT TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

"I was in prison, and ye visited me."—*Matt. xxv. 36.*

Yes, Lord, I've come. Too long hast Thou
Been waiting for me here alone,
Yearning to make my heart thine own,
Whilst I—well, I am with Thee now.

A holy twilight wraps thy shrine
Behind yon tiny altar-star,
More blest than that which from afar
Led pilgrims to the Babe Divine.

Here dwellest Thou unseen, by stealth,
To hear our prayers and hush our sighs,
And warm our hearts and dry our eyes,
And lend the pining spirit health.

Without, the stir, the busy hum,
The empty laugh, the heavy sigh,
Thy creatures passing heedless by,
Like me too oft—but now I've come.

I come and go, while through the night
And through the day Thou mak'st thy home
Beneath that little marble dome,
Which hides e'en thy disguise from sigh'.

I come and go—too seldom come,
Too quickly go, though Thou art here;
And, with so much to hope and fear,
My heart is cold, my lips are dumb.

Oh! pierce my being through and through
With faith and fear and hope and love,
That all my words and works may prove
My love and faith are full and true.

Would that the fondest love that e'er
Was felt or feigned my heart could feel!
But selfishness and sin congeal
The springs that should be gushing there.

Sinful and selfish is this heart,
Scarred yet, and stained from many a fall—
But hast not Thou forgiven all?
O my good God, how good Thou art!

I go and come. Now bid me go
With fuller grace and firmer will,
Though fain I'd linger near Thee still—
But work must be our lot below.

Thou, Lord, wilt smile upon my track
Throughout the busy hours, I know;
Then bless me, Father, ere I go,—
Alas! I go—oh! draw me back.

THE STORY OF THE SACRED HEART.

WITHIN her chamber lone a maiden prayed :

“Make haste to come, O Thou Who art to come!”

And He who for this prayer had long delayed

Bade his archangel speed to Mary's home

With tidings that the Word would fain be made

Flesh in the shrine of her own virgin womb.

When her calm *Fiat* broke the stillness sweet,

A little Heart began with life and love to beat.

The little Heart that throbbed beneath the breast

Of the poor pilgrim maid who home had none,

Nor cradle for her Babe, which took Its rest

There where the sword of sorrow was to run,

Or in the manger rude, or gently pressed

To Joseph's heart, while 'neath the scorching sun

He fled in terror o'er the desert wild,

To screen from Herod's rage the Mother and the

Child.

That Heart divine wherein the purple tide

Which cleanses earth from all its stains arose ;

The Heart which leaves, one little while, the tried

And loving hearts whose worth none other knows ;

That hard task done, again He seeks their side,

And through long years all filial honour shows

To a poor craftsman and his lowly spouse—

And this is He for Whom the seraphs veil their

brows!

The Heart that in those secret holy years
Looks through the mild eyes of that silent Youth,
So lovingly at Mary that she fears
The hour is come when she must mourn, like Ruth,
Childless and widowed; while each look endears
That Heart still more to hers, albeit in sooth
Her heart and His have ever throbbed as one,
For He is God, and yet her own, her own, her Son!

The Heart which pillowed Joseph's dying head,
Pillowed the while upon another heart,
And which with yet a deeper sorrow bled
When came the hour from Mary, too, to part.
Then Jesus journeys forth to raise the dead,
To save the lost, to dry the tears which start
From sinful grief, or bid those tears to fall
Which cleanse the heart and force *his* Heart to
pardon all.

The Heart which breathed in every gentle word
Near Jacob's Well, and from the Temple drove
The woman's proud accusers—which was stirred
With yearning for the young man's heart, and
strove
To whisper what the loved disciple heard
When at the last with lover's tenderest love
Closer It drew the heart It loved, that he
Might feel Its mighty throbs of love for him—
and me!

The Heart which, ah! so meekly, sadly thrilled
When traitor-lips pressed kisses 'gainst the
cheek—

The Heart which broke in agony and spilled
Its life-blood all, while fiends their rage did wreak,
And thought and sense, with keenest anguish filled,
Shrank utterly, and mangled frame grew weak—
That Heart yearned fondly, half in vain 'tis true:
“Father! forgive, forgive—they know not what
they do.”

The Heart that prompted that last sad bequest:
“Behold thy Mother, O my Son, my Son!”
The Heart that faltered slowly all the rest
Of those meek words till the Three Hours were run;
The Heart that rendered at its own behest
One mighty gasp of love, and all was done!
Yes, all was done, and it was time to part.
“Father, into thy hands I yield this broken Heart.”

The Heart that e'en in death its love would show
When, by the soldier's lance set free, a tide
Of water and of blood was seen to flow,
Draining its last drop through the opened side.
The Heart that in the grave slept cold and low,
Whither with spices Magdalene would glide,
When the dark crisis was already o'er,
And He she sought had waked to life and light
once more.

The Heart that lighted up the glorious form
Of the arisen Saviour ere the dawn
Of Easter danced upon the hills, when warm
And radiant the loved features shone
Upon the mourning Mother. Oh! the storm
Of ecstasy which swept serenely on
Through the locked hearts of Mother and of Child—
She meekly bowed her head in gladsome awe,
and smiled.

The Heart which seemed still loath from earth to
part,
Like sun that sinketh through a crimson West—
That Heart the highest, yea, of hearts the
Heart,

The noblest, and the kindest, and the best—
Which at the Father's right hand feels the dart
Of keenest love that knows no pause nor rest.
E'en there that Heart, the joy and light of Heaven,
Beats quick with love of me, a sinner oft forgiven.

But nearer, nearer! To the Altar steal;
Perhaps 'tis lonely now—yet One is there!
Alone with Him in timorous worship kneel,
And murmur soft what love and faith may dare
When heart meets heart. Ah! why doth *my* heart
feel

So numb, so prayerless, as if scarce aware
How, in yon narrow cell where Jesus sleeps,
His Heart each hour for me Its loving vigil keeps?

O Heart of Jesus! meek and humble Heart!
Take my poor heart and make it all thine own.
Wound as Thou willest, so that Thou but dart
More love thereinto than it e'er hath known.
To kindle hearts is still thy favourite part—
On mine, on mine, thy sovereign power be shown,
That, cleansed by fire, burnt beautiful by love,
It worship thine for aye with happy hearts above.

A YOUNG PRIEST'S THOUGHT.

THE childlike faith, the wistful awe,
Which used my breast to thrill
Whene'er the vested Priest I saw—
The love and trust that fill
And ever filled the Irish heart
For God's anointed Priest:
Towards my own self must I in part
Feel thus—I am a priest!
O God, thy last and least.

HEART OF JESUS, ALL FOR THEE!

LIFE on earth is all a warfare,
 Foes within and foes without.
 "Jesus, Jesus!" Lo, the tempter
 Flees before that battle-shout.
 In the fierce unceasing combats,
 Let our tranquil war-cry be—
Omnia pro Te, Cor Jesu!—
 "Heart of Jesus, all for Thee!"

This shall nerve the arm that's weary,
 This shall dry the tear that steals,
 This shall soothe the wasting anguish
 Which the heart in secret feels.
 Ever in my heart 'twill slumber,
 Often to my lips 'twill start—
Omnia pro Te, Cor Jesu!—
 "All for Thee, O Sacred Heart!"

Ah! not thus, not thus 'twas always;
 Sinful dreams, begone, depart!
 Jesus shed his Heart's blood for me,
 He alone can claim my heart.
 God's pure eye, that resteth on it,
 Written in that heart shall see—
Omnia pro Te, Cor Jesu!—
 "Heart of Jesus, all for Thee!"

All things, all things—hard and easy,
High and lowly, bright and dark—
Nought too poor for me to offer,
Nought too small for Thee to mark.
Health and sickness, rest and labour,
Joy's keen thrill, and grief's keen smart—
Omnia pro Te, Cor Jesu!—
“All for Thee, O Sacred Heart!”

All, yes *all*. I would not rifle*
From my holocaust a part.
Every thought, word, deed, and feeling,
Every beating of my heart,
Thine till death! and *then* for ever
My heart's cry in Heaven shall be—
Omnia pro Te, Cor Jesu!—
“Heart of Jesus, all for Thee!”

*“I am the Lord that hate robbery in a holocaust.”—*Isaiah*, lxi. 8.



TWO MESSAGES.

A MESSAGE from the Sacred Heart!

What may Its message be?

“ *My child, my child, give Me thy heart—
My Heart has bled for thee.*”

This is the message Jesus sends

To my poor heart to-day,

And from his throne in Heaven He bends

To hear what I shall say.

A message to the Sacred Heart!

Oh! bear it back with speed:

“ *Come, Jesus, reign within my heart—
Thy Heart is all I need.*”

This prayer I'll pray while here I pine,

From Heaven and Thee apart,

Nor cease, dear Lord, till I am thine

For ever, heart to heart.



AN ACT OF CHARITY AND THANKSGIVING.

MY GOD, I love—at least I long to love Thee.

My love as yet is very cold and scant;
Ah! I have loved the vilest things above Thee,
But now for thy sole love I pine, I pant.

With all my heart, with all my heart's affections,
With all my soul, its every gift and grace,
With all my mind's desires and recollections,
In Thee, O God, my trustful love I place.

Oh, that my heart was higher, larger, purer!
Oh, that my soul could duly feel and know!
Oh, that my mind had vision keener, surer!
Oh, that they all did with thy love o'erflow!

Above all gifts thy bounteous Hand hath given,
Above all friends, all fame and wealth above,
Above my own poor self and earth and Heaven
I love Thee, Lord, or long at least to love.

Why do I love Thee? Not, ah! not the anguish
Of yon dread fires thy justice lights below,
Nor yet the thirst to be of those who languish
In bliss undying, bids my love to glow.

Not for these things, or not for these things solely—
Not for this hope or fear, though both I feel—
I love Thee for thy love's sake, freely, wholly,
For thy sole worth, and not my woe or weal.

I love Thee for thy goodness and thy glory,
Thy beauty and thy majesty and grace,
Because there ne'er was dreamed or feigned in story
Might, worth, or wisdom as in Thee we trace ;

Because the kindest hearts I fondest cherish
Have all their goodness from thy goodness drawn ;
Because the fairest of fair things that perish
Are less to Thee than to the noon the dawn.

To Thee I soar as eagle to its mountain ;
To Thee I yearn, as streamlet yearns to rove ;
I thirst for Thee, as Truth's eternal fountain ;
I love Thee as the source of life and love.

Yet, ah ! as if I prized myself above Thee,
Methinks these azure heights too long I've trod ;
For though as God and very God I love Thee,
I love Thee most in that Thou art *my God*.*

* Perhaps we do not strive frequently enough, or earnestly enough, to make acts of *perfect* charity. Better than the order of motives proposed above, is that followed by St. Francis Xavier in the well-known lines translated at page 109 of this book, which begin with "Deus ego amo te," and end with "Solum quia Deus es."

I love thy Name, I worship and I bless It,
For thy pure Godhead draws my heart to Thee;
But more I love Thee—let my tears confess it—
Because Thou art so good, so good to me;

Because I sinned, and yet shall reign in Heaven—
Because Thou sparest when none else could spare;
Because I've been a thousand times forgiven,
Indulged beyond what boldest heart could dare;

Because for me once shivered in a manger
A little helpless Babe, of Virgin born;
Because, long years an outcast and a stranger,
On thine own earth, Thou borest want and scorn;

Because for me, as if there lived none other,
Thy cruel Passion-tide was slowly run;
Because Thou gavest from the Cross thy Mother
Unto my care, when saying, "Lo! thy Son!"

Because for me, thus living and thus dying,
Thou hast effaced the record of my guilt:
Mercy to Justice in my stead replying,
For me, for me thy Heart's last drop was spilt;

Because that Heart, unable quite to leave us,
Going, hath stayed in humblest, tenderest guise,
And to be near us, ready to receive us,
Within Its altar-prison patient lies.

But these for all.* For me alone, not others,
How many a costly grace was special kept!
Chiefest as first, that truest, best of Mothers,
Whose kind, firm prudence never since hath slept;

And those fair Angels, saintly, wise, light-hearted,
Whose smile made pure the very air I breathed,
And who at parting (for we all have parted)
Sweet sanctifying memories bequeathed;

And all the friends whose love I proudly treasure,
Who ne'er have shamed my cheek with blush or tear,
Save tear of gratitude and blush of pleasure
When names are praised that to my soul are dear.

For these I thank Thee, God most high, most holy!
Yet more that Thou hast laid my happy lot
Neither in rank too proud nor yet too lowly,
And in thy Church, and in her safest spot;

And that my youth, amid thy Levites nourished,
In calm routine and sacred toil was passed,
By that dear friend, whom many honour, cherished—
Until the crowning mercy came at last.

O Grace beyond my spirit's boldest craving,
Which bade me leave the heedless, heartless world,
And vow to keep yon sacred banner waving
Which brave Ignatius at thy word unfurled;

If any use this poem as a prayer, they may pass over the remaining stanzas except the two concluding ones. Yet a few changes will make even the personal portion applicable to many readers.

Joined to the brotherhood of Xavier, Regis,
Of Aloysius, little Stanislaus,—
Where each full moment of each day besieges
My soul with grace, nor doth thy bounty pause.

For these, and for the thousand, thousand graces
This cold heart feels but may not utter here,
And for the love whereof they are the traces—
For these, for all, I love Thee, God most dear!

Yes, yes! until Death's icy hand hath grasped me,
I'll love Thee, Lord, all else, all else above;
And when thy love hath to thy bosom clasped me,
I'll love Thee, Lord! Ah! *then* at least I'll love.



THE PRIEST'S COMMUNION DAY.*

“COMMUNION DAY!” Yes, years ago
 I bade these simplest flowers
 Breathe their faint incense in the glow
 Of Eucharistic hours :
 Hours when, with faith and hope, we strove
 (My soul and I) to raise
 For our dread Guest a throne of love—
 Ah! dear Communion Days.

“Communion Day!” What holy power,
 What memories haunt that name,
 Since, long desired, the happy hour
 Of First Communion came—
 Renewed each month. And, when I caught
 The Lord's low *Come away*,
 The needed strength more oft I sought
 In sweet Communion Day.

But now not *one* bright day from all
 The thirty or the seven—
 Each morn 'tis mine (O God!) to call
 The Word made Flesh from Heaven :

* Written on reading in the second month of Priesthood the verses entitled “Communion Day” (see page 20), which were composed several years before. Some young Priests may, perhaps, adapt this piece to their own use by omitting the first stanza.

The Victim-God is Priest, 'tis true,
Yet I, poor child of clay,
What saints have hardly dared to do
Must dare to do each day.

*“ This is My Body, take and eat :
Who eateth not shall die.
Taste ye and see the Lord is sweet—
Nay, fear not, it is I !
Do this in memory of My love—
Thou art a Priest for aye.”*

O God ! O Gift all gifts above !
'Tis mine, alas ! each day.

“ Alas ? Thus welcome ye your King ?”
Glory to God on high !
Yet, yet, alas ! the thought doth bring
First to these lips a sigh.
But Thou, the Gladdener of my youth,
Wilt make the sad heart gay ;*
For is not priestly life, in sooth,
One calm Communion Day ?

And these meek worshippers who bend,
While I must stand in fear ;
They, too, for whom my prayers ascend,
The loved ones far and near :

* Ad Deum qui lætificat juventutem meam.
Quare tristis es, anima mea ?

May we, when sacramental veils
Are drawn aside for aye,
Meet at that Feast which never fails,
The true Communion Day !

A THOUGHT FROM DR. NEWMAN.*

THE world shines bright for inexperienced eyes,
And death seems distant to the gay and strong,
And in the youthful heart proud fancies throng,
And only present good can nature prize.
How, then, shall youth o'er these low vapours rise
And climb the upward path, so steep and long ?
And how, amid earth's sights and sounds of wrong,
Walk with pure heart and face raised to the skies ?

By gazing on the infinitely Good,
Whose love must quell or hallow ev'ry other—
By living in the shadow of the Rood,
For He that hangs there is our Elder Brother,
Who dying gave to us Himself as food,
And his own Mother as our nursing mother.

* In the last of his Discourses to Mixed Congregations he calls the Blessed Virgin the Mother of Emmanuel, and says : " It is the boast of the Catholic Religion that it has the gift of making the young heart chaste ; and why is this but that it gives us Jesus for our food and Mary for our nursing mother ? "

A MORNING PRAYER.

ANOTHER, another day given

To live, and to work, and to pray :
Oh ! may I be fitter for Heaven

Each hour that God bids me stay.
Another, another day lent me,
To toil with heart earnest and true
At the duties to which He hath sent me,
Who now bids me rise up and do.

Thank God for the pure, healthy slumber
That freshens my limbs and my brain ;
For my safety from cares that encumber,
And fancies unholy that stain.

Thank God for the night that is over,
And the nights and the days that are fled :
In each moment my heart can discover
A Fatherly Hand on my head.

To Thee, O my God ! would I hallow
All my thoughts, all my words, all my deeds :
May thy grace go before each, and follow,
And succour my soul in its needs.
To Thee, O my God ! every minute
To-day and all days do I give ;
Bless, Lord, this new day—I begin it
As if 'twere my last day to live.

Lord! grant me anew fullest pardon
For my follies and sins in the past.
The past? Yes, this heart, though a hard one,
Is thine, and thine only, at last.
Oh! grant, Lord, that nothing may sever
My poor sinful heart from thy Heart,
Till I waken securely for ever
In that Heaven whose brightness Thou art.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

ANOTHER day is gone. How many more
Of working days has God for me in store?
Alas! too many of my bygone days,
In foolish and in worse than foolish ways,
Have slipped from me for ever. Ah! forgive,
Forgive the past, my God, and let me live
For thy true service all the days to come,
Till in thy mercy Thou shalt call me home.
For, as to-day has fled and now 'tis night,
So surely shall these eyes close on the light
Of this world's day, and I shall fall asleep,
Praying, as now, that God his child may keep,
Sleeping and waking, safe from ev'ry ill.
Waking and sleeping, may I do his will!
And when for me life's work (how soon?) shall cease,
Bid me, O Lord, to sleep, as now, in peace.

ONE HEART AND ONE SOUL.

"ONE heart, one soul, in Jesus' Heart."*

Sweet is this league of love
Which binds our hearts so close for aye
To Jesus' Heart above.
No thought, no feeling, no desire,
Must claim in us a part,
Till made all pure and sanctified,
Lord, in thy Sacred Heart.

Happy the heart, warm, fresh, and young,
That in life's dewy morn
Knows how from brightest joys of earth
To tear itself with scorn—
To soar up to the throne of God,
Nor ever thence depart,
Finding its one true blessed home,
Lord, in thy Sacred Heart.

"One heart, one soul, in Jesus' Heart."

From many a cherished home,
From many a loving mother's arms,
Hither with joy we've come.

* "*Cor unum et anima una in corde Jesu.*" The initials of these words, which are almost quoted from Acts, iv. 32, are marked on the crucifix worn by the Religieuses du Sacré Cœur, and also on the little wooden cross that stands over each of the graves in their convent cemeteries, bearing the name of the occupant and the dates of her three births—baptism, religious profession, and happy death-bed.

We love them, oh ! far better still,
Though for a time we part
That we may love them evermore,
Lord, in thy Sacred Heart.

Dear Jesus, keep us in thy Heart !
Take our cold hearts away,
Or make our hearts more like to thine,
More pure and meek each day.
Ah ! yes, e'en in this sinful world
This is the better part :
What shall it be when safe for aye,
Lord, in thy Sacred Heart ?

FORGET ME NOT.

“FORGET me not, forget me not!”

How many a heart has thrilled
At this fond cry, or heard, or spoken,
Or felt 'mid silence all unbroken,
While eyes with sad tears filled.

There is not one on earth to whom
I'd cry, “Forget me not!”
Though best and truest friends I cherish,
Yet they and I must part, must perish,
Forgetting or forgot.

Not one on earth, but One in Heaven,
And they whose blissful lot
Is laid in Jesus' Heart for ever,
Where sin can blight not, nor death sever—
Jesus, forget me not!

But, praised be God! the friends I love
With Jesus all shall be;
And so, howe'er earth's ties be riven,
Dear friends, forget me not in Heaven—
Ah! *there* remember me.

THE PETITIONS OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

LORD JESUS, make me know Thee,

Make me myself to know !

Be Thou my only longing,

Thou only, here below.

May I, my vile self hating,

Love Thee, do all for Thee ;

May I be duly humbled

And Thou exalted be.

I'll think of nought beside Thee,

Die to myself, and live

For Thee, dear Lord ! accepting

Whatever thou may'st give.

Myself I'll spurn and trample,

And follow close to Thee—

To follow Thee, to reach Thee,

My sole desire shall be.

Flying from self, oh ! let me

Fly fast and far to Thee,

That by thine arm defended

I may deserve to be.

Fearful of mine own weakness,

Thee let me fear, that I

May cease to fear for ever

'Mid thy elect on high.

Distrusting self and placing

All trust, dear Lord, in Thee—

For sake of Thee obedient,
Caring for nought but Thee.
Poor for thy sake, O Jesus !
Look on me that I may
Love Thee, dear Lord, and serve Thee
More perfectly each day.
Call me and make me hear Thee !
Oh ! call me to thy breast,
To see Thee, and enjoy Thee,
And be for ever blest.*

* St. Augustine's words may be made to rhyme by letting each repetition of *Te* mark the end of a line :—" Domine Jesu, noverim me, noverim te, nec aliquid cupiam nisi te. Oderim me et amem te; omnia agam propter te. Humiliem me, exaltem te. Nihil cogitem nisi te. Mortificem me, et vivam in te. Quæcumque eveniant, accipiam a te. Persequar me, sequar te, et semper optem sequi te. Fugiam me, confugiam ad te, ut merear defendi a te. Timeam mihi, timeam te, et sim inter electos a te. Diffidam mihi, fidam in te. Obedire velim propter te. Ad nihil afficiar nisi ad te, et pauper sim propter te. Aspice me ut diligam te; voca me ut videam te, et in æternum fruam te."

EJACULATIONS FOR VACANT MOMENTS.*

I.

LET us love and help each other !

Our Father is in Heaven,
And Jesus is our Brother,
And Mary is our Mother ;
And the blessed Saints above,
And the friends on earth we love,
Nay, every human creature is the child
Of our Father dear in Heaven.

Let us love and be loved, forgive and be forgiven!

* The venerable Curé d'Ars asked in one of his simple conferences :
" Avec qui serons-nous dans le ciel ? Avec Dieu, qui est notre Père
avec Jésus Christ, qui est notre frère ; avec la Sainte Vierge, qui est
notre Mère ; avec les Anges et les Saints, qui sont nos amis."

The lines which are translated in the eighth of these Ejaculations do not
bear so edifying a meaning in Ovid, from whom they are taken :—

" Ut corpus redimas, ferrum patieris et ignes,

Arida nec sitiens ora levabis aqua :

Ut valeas animo, quicquam tolerare negabis !

At pretium pars hæc corpore majus habet."

Our thirteenth aspiration is this couplet of Blessed Margaret Mary's :—

" Je possède en tout temps, et j'emporte en tout lieu,

Et le Dieu de mon cœur, et le Cœur de mon Dieu."

Finally (for we need not cite the *Alma Redemptoris Mater*, whose
hexameters our fifth ejaculation attempts to reproduce), the last but one
is given in this form by Father Nilles, S.J. *De Rationibus Fæstorum SS*
Cordis :—

" Virgo Mater dulcissima,
Cor meum totum posside ;
Cum tuo corde colloca
In tui Jesu latere."

II.

While falls the rain, while shines the sun,
The earth rolls round, God's will is done.

III.

Spare, spare thy wretched creature, O Creator !
Saviour, oh ! save this soul for whom Thou'st died.
Spirit of strength, uplift my fallen nature.
Hide me, O Jesus ! in thy opened side.

IV.

Ah ! could I wail with tears of blood
My sins against a God so good !

V.

O thou, Mother benign of the Saviour ! of Heaven
the portal
Open ever, inviting to enter. O Star of the ocean !
Succour the wretch who falls, and the fallen, to rise
who endeavours.
Thou who, to nature's amaze, gavest birth to thy
Maker eternal,
Virgin before, still virgin. Ah ! by the Hail of the
Angel,
Mother benign, on us—sinners, poor sinners—have
pity.

VI.

My mind is dull and of wayward mood,
My hand is slothful, my tongue is rude,
My heart is selfish : but God is good.

VII.

When the chill death-sweat beads my ghastly brow,
How shall I look on what is passing now ?

VIII.

For the sick body, lance and brand thou'lt try—
To eager lips the hurtful draught deny.
Thy soul is sick : yet nothing wilt thou bear
For that which is more precious and more fair.

IX.

Life is a quiet dream at best—
Oh ! may we waken on God's breast !

X.

Hail, Mary, hail, O full of grace !
With thee the Lord doth rest.
Thrice blest art thou 'mid Eva's race,
Thy womb's sole fruit is blest.
Mother of God, thy prayer hath power :
Pray, holy Mary, pray
For us, poor sinners,* at this hour,
And in our dying day.

XI.

Let me rush through my duties with heart in a glow,
For God and his saints and their Queen, I know,
Are watching me lovingly as I go.

* When the Rosary is said in French churches, their "*priez pour nous pauvres pécheurs*" has a very touching sound, but their "*je vous salue*," does not flow from the lips like our "*Hail Mary*."

XII.

Heart of my Jesus, I love Thee, I love Thee—
Everything *for* Thee, and nothing above Thee.

XIII.

I hold Him, and nor time nor place
My soul from Him shall part—
The Heart of my most loving God,
The God of my poor heart.

XIV.

God's eye is upon me everywhere,
Reading my heart. What reads He there?

XV.

Good day, my guardian Angel! The night is past
and gone,
And 'thou hast watched beside me at midnight as
at dawn.
The day is now before me, and, as it glides away,
Ah! help me well to make it a good and holy day.

Good-night, my guardian Angel! The day has sped
away—

Well spent or ill, its story is written down for aye.
And now, of God's kind providence thou image pure
and bright!
Watch o'er me while I'm sleeping. My Angel dear,
good night.

XVI.

Angel divine,
 O Guardian mine !
 To thee entrusted by Mercy sovereign,
 Guard me to-day, enlighten, govern !*

XVII.

If earth be so beautiful, what must be
 The Home my Father has ready for me !

XVIII.

O Mary, my mother, my own, my own !
 No mother could love me like thee—no, none !

XIX.

Thou my sweetest Mother art,
 Mary ! take and keep my heart ;
 Take my heart and fondly hide
 With thine own in Jesus' side.

XX.

To Father, and Son, and Holy Spirit,
 Now and for ever, on earth, in Heaven,
 E'en as it was in the first beginning,
 Be love and praise and glory given !

• Angele Dei,

Qui custos es mei,

Me tibi commissum pietate superna

Hodie custodi, illumina, et guberna.

A CHANT FOR THE FIRST FRIDAYS.*

To Thee, O Heart of Jesus!
 To Thee our hearts we give.
 Help, help us all to love Thee
 And serve Thee while we live.

Yes, yes, till life is o'er,
 And then for evermore,
 O Sacred Heart of Jesus!
 We'll love Thee and adore;
 O Sacred Heart of Jesus!
 We'll love Thee more and more.

No heart can be so tender,
 No heart can love like Thee.
 Thy life-blood all, O Jesus
 Was shed to set us free.
 Yes, yes, till life is o'er, &c.

Ah! hard our hearts and cruel,
 If Thee we do not love,
 Who from thy throne descendest
 To draw our hearts above.
 Yes, yes, till life is o'er, &c.

* Many of the faithful have the pious custom of performing, on the first Friday of each month, special Devotions in honour of the Heart of our Divine Redeemer as the organ and living symbol of his love. The following words are adapted to a German air, which is often sung on these occasions.—“To Jesus’ Heart all burning,” &c.

For us thy life of labour,
For us thy death of pain,
For us in guise so lowly
Thou dost on earth remain.
Yes, yes, till life is o'er, &c.

Alas! too long with coldness
This yearning love we pay,
But now, O Heart of Jesus!
Our hearts are thine for aye.

Yes, yes, till life is o'er,
And then for evermore,
O Sacred Heart of Jesus!
We'll love Thee and adore;
O Sacred Heart of Jesus!
We'll love thee more and more.



THE STATIONS OF THE CROSS.*

I.

"AWAY with Him!" the impious rabble cry;
Yet, Jesus, 'twas my sins that bade Thee die.

II.

Bent 'neath the heavy Cross, our Lord begins
His last sad journey. Heavier pressed my sins.

III.

Cruel! They torture Him and scoff the more,
When, faint and pale, He falls. My soul, adore!

IV.

Dreading the sight on which her soul is set,
She waits, and (bitter joy!) their eyes have met.

V.

Eager would I the precious burden share
Which Simon, loathing, soon is glad to bear.

VI.

Full of fond pity, full of faith e'en now,
Veronica wipes tenderly the bleeding brow.

* These couplets are meant as mnemonic rhymes for one who, in going round the Fourteen Stations in a church, may be unable to distinguish at a glance the successive scenes of the Via Dolorosa represented there. For this purpose, the very unpoetical device is resorted to of beginning the couplets by the letters of the alphabet taken in order, with K omitted.

VII.

'Gainst the steep hill He totters on with pain.
O God! that yell—He falls, He falls again!

VIII.

Hush, mourning daughters of Jerusalem,
Weep not for Me. Your children—weep for *them*!

IX.

Is it that night of woe in Caiphas' halls,
The scourging, thorns, or Cross—that thrice He falls?

X.

Jeers and foul jests doth He the All-Holy bear,
While fiends from Virgin-limbs the garments tear.

XI.

Lewd ruffians fling Him on his bed of death.
The nails pierce deep. "Father, forgive!" He saith.

XII.

More love there is not, nor more agony:
So Jesus dies. For me—He dies for me!

XIII.

Nigh to the Cross she stood till all was done;
And now the Mother's arms have clasped her Son.

XIV.

Oh! hard thy rock-hewn grave, more hard my heart;
Yet here Thou lov'st to dwell. Come, Lord, and
never part.

COMMUNION OF REPARATION.

For those who find thy saying hard,*
 And who this loving gift discard,
 Lord, let my love atone.
 But there's one soul whose want of love
 And faith should most my pity move—
 My own.

Believers, too, who shrink away,
 And seldom think of Thee or pray,
 And seldom bend the knee:
 For these my heart with thine condoles—
 Pardon, O God, these thoughtless souls,
 And me.

Communion's sinfully delayed,
 Communion's rashly, coldly made,
 Nay, made with traitor's kiss:
 I fain for such would now atone,
 But first for many of my own—
 And this!

* John, vi. 61.

GRATIARUM ACTIO POST COMMUNIONEM.*

Ad quem diu suspiravi
 Jesum tandem habeo !
 Hunc amplector quem optavi,
 Quem optavi teneo ;
 Omnes meæ, exultate,
 Facultates animæ,
 Exultate, triumphate,
 Et ingresso plaudite.

Tristis eram et abjectus,
 Eram sine gaudio,
 Quia aberat dilectus
 Quem præ cunctis diligo ;
 Sed ut venit, et intravit
 Animæ tugurium,
 O quam dulce permeavit
 Meum cor solatium !

Non sic terras umbris tectas
 Gratus sol illuminat,
 Non sic æstibus dejectas
 Nimbus herbas recreat,
 Sicut animam languentem
 Refocillat Dominus,
 Hanc tristantem et torpentem
 Novis donat viribus.

* I have been unable to find out the author of these very devout lines.

THANKSGIVING HYMN AFTER COMMUNION.

He whom I have sighed for long,
 Jesus is my own at last;
 Whom I've sought with yearning strong,
 I embrace, I hold Him fast.
 Oh, my soul, exult, rejoice,
 All thy powers in worship bow,
 And with glad, triumphant voice
 Welcome Him who enters now.

Sad and spiritless I lay,
 I had neither joy nor rest,
 For the loved One was away
 Whom o'er all I love the best.
 But since He hath come anew
 To my soul's poor hovel here,
 Oh! what solace sweet and true
 Doth my inmost being cheer!

As before the sun's bright glow
 Shadows from the earth retreat,
 As soft rains on flowers bestow
 Freshness after withering heat:
 So, more softly, Jesus comes
 To revive the drooping heart,
 And, when weary sadness numbs,
 Warmth and vigour to impart.

Felix dies, felix hora,
Quâ me, Jesu, visitas,
Pulchra nimis et decora
Lux ad me quâ properas;
Qui te tenet habet satis,
Quia qui te possidet,
Uberem felicitatis
Veræ fontem obtinet.

Quis non tuam admiretur
Bonitatem, Domine,
Si quod facis meditetur
Serio examine?
Ad te ruo, ad me ruis,
Et me sinis protinus
Immiscere meos tuis
Amplexus amplexibus.

Nihil eram, me creasti
Ex obscuro nihilo,
Divinæque me donasti
Rationis radio;
Pro me nasci voluisti
In deserto stabulo,
Et finire mortē tristi
Vitam in patibulo.

Præter dona quibus ditas
Me diebus singulis,
Dapes hodie mellitas
Datīs addis gratiis;

Happy day and happy hour,
Jesus, when Thou visitest!
Fairest hour of grace and power,
When Thou speedest to my breast.
He who holdeth Thee hath all,
Nor can ask for more than this—
Thee his own, his own to call,
Fullest fount of truest bliss.
Who but marvels, Lord, to tell
Of thy goodness, passing thought,
When he ponders long and well
On the work Thou here hast wrought?
Thee I rush to, Thou to me
Rushest with a lover's haste—
Sufferest me to cling to Thee,
Each embracing and embraced!
I was nought: thy hand divine
Drew me out of nothingness.
Reason's light, a ray from thine,
Did my darkling spirit bless.
For my sake Thou wouldst be born
In a stable lone and drear,
And wouldst on the cross forlorn
Sadly close thy exile here.
To the gifts wherewith my days
Are enriched with lavish store,
Thou this morn in wondrous ways
Addest one sweet banquet more.

O voluptas cordis mei,
Jesu dilectissime !
In me regna, Fili Dei,
Regna, regna, libere.

In me proprium amorem
Tam potenter eneces,
Ut te amem et adorem
Solum sicut dignus es.

In me tolle quod est puris
Grave tuis oculis,
Ut sic arctius venturis
Tibi jungar sæculis.

Oriente sole mane,
Occidente vespérâ,
Bone Jesu, mecum mane,
Mecum semper habita ;
Nil a te, nec mors, nec vita,
Nil a te me separet ;
Unio sit infinita
Quam vis nulla terminet.

Canam donec respirabo
Gratiarum cantica,
Millies hæc iterabo
In coelesti patria ;
Quando te, remoto velo,
Sicut es aspiciam,
Et cum angelis in cœlo
In æternum diligam.

Oh! my heart's delight Thou art,
Dearest Jesus, Thou alone!
Son of God, reign in my heart,
Freely reign as on thy throne.

From my bosom more and more
Be all love of self removed,
Till I love Thee and adore
Solely as Thou shouldst be loved.
Take from me within, around,
All that might thy eyes offend:
So shall I be closer bound
To thy heart when life shall end.

When the sun ascends, each day—
When it sinks, and day is o'er—
Stay with me, good Jesus! stay,
Dwell with me for evermore.
Nothing, neither death nor life,
Nothing me from Thee must sever—
Union, with all blessings rife,
Which no force can rend for ever.

I will sing, while heart shall beat,
Canticles of grateful love,
And a thousand times repeat
In the heavenly land above;
When unveiled it shall be given,
As Thou art, thy face to see,
And, with angels bright in heaven,
I will love eternally.

CANTIQUE DES VOEUX.

Toujours, toujours, lorsque de cette fête
Le nom viendra retentir à mon cœur,
Toujours, toujours, ma langue sera prête
A publier ma gloire et mon bonheur.
Liens sacrés, ma joie et ma couronne,
Que pour jamais je noue en ce grand jour,
Je vous préfère à la splendeur d'un trône ;
Vous m'enchaînez à Jésus pour toujours.

Toujours, toujours, ô Pauvreté ma mère,
Je chérirai tes saints embrassements ;
Toujours, toujours, l'aspect de ta misère
Sera pour moi l'aspect le plus charmant.

THE CANTICLE OF THE VOWS.

For ever, when of this glad feast, to me unworthy
given,

More vivid comes the memory which ne'er can be
forgot,

My heart and tongue shall never tire of asking
Earth and Heaven

To bless my God for sending me such glorious,
happy lot.

O sacred fetters, gird me well, my rapture and my
crown !

The union I have vowed to-day not death itself
shall sever.

If all earth's diadems were mine, I'd gladly fling
them down

To bind myself to Jesus' Heart for ever and for
ever.

For ever and for ever, O POVERTY, my mother !

I'll cling with trustful fondness to thy hallowing
embrace.

The shrinking and the cowardice of nature I will
smother

While gazing on the smile that lights thy pale,
ethereal face.

Si tu le veux, de chaumière en chaumière
J'irai mendier mon pain de chaque jour,
Et je serai sans abri sur la terre :
Voilà comment je t'aimerai toujours.

Toujours, toujours, ô vertu ravissante,
Toi qui des lys efface la beauté,
Toujours, toujours, dans mon âme innocente
Tu régneras, divine pureté !
Pour toi l'amour d'un enfant de Marie
Des purs esprits doit égaler l'amour ;
Et dans un siècle où partout l'on t'oublie,
Ne faut-il pas que je t'aime toujours ?

Toujours, toujours, à ta volonté sainte
J'aurai, Seigneur, un cœur obéissant :
Toujours, toujours, sans retard et sans crainte
J'immolerai volonté, jugement.

And if, O sacred Poverty, thou biddest me to seek
From door to door my daily bread, I'll cheerfully
endeavour,
Though I should be all shelterless and none a kind
word speak,
Still, as my mother, thee to love for ever and for ever.

For ever, Virtue fair and sweet, O thou whose peer-
less beauty
Makes dim the whitest lilies that o'er limpid
waters shine—
For ever in my heart, absorbed in prayer and cheer-
ful duty,
Serenely thou shalt reign as queen, O PURITY divine!
Beloved and prized thou needs must be by ev'ry child
of Mary,
With love like that wherewith on high the blessed
thrill and quiver ;
And, in a world whose evil charms ensnare so oft
th' unwary,
May my poor heart be true to thee and cherish
thee for ever !

For ever and for ever unto thy will most holy,
OBEDIENCE, O almighty Lord ! my heart and mind
shall pay :
Without delay or pause or fear, at thy soft whisper
solely,
My will and judgment unto Thee I'll immolate for
aye.

Jésus mon Roi, fais qu'en tout temps fidèle
 Je t'obéisse en tout et par amour,
 Plutôt mourir que de vivre rebelle
 Et de cesser de t'obéir toujours.*

Toujours, toujours, ô vierge, sous ton aile
 Je laisserai ces saints engagements :
 Toujours, toujours, ô gardienne fidèle,
 Préservez-les des injures du temps.
 Hélas ! je crains que l'enfer en furie
 Ne me prépare encor de mauvais jours ;
 Sois ma défense, invincible Marie,
 que Je ne vaincrai pour t'aimer toujours.

* The following stanza comes fifth, but, to render these verses applicable to the members of other Orders besides the Society of Jesus, we separate it from the rest :—

“ Toujours, toujours, ô sainte Compagnie,
 Qui, nuit et jour, me portes dans ton sein ;
 Toujours, toujours, mère la plus chérie,
 Je te suivrai, quelque soit ton destin.
 J'ai tout reçu des mains de ta tendresse,
 Et je pourrais t'abandonner un jour !
 Non, je te fais l'éternelle promesse
 Et de te suivre et de t'aimer toujours.

Jesus, my King! ah, grant that I may be at all
times faithful—

Obeying Thee, my God, in all, through love alone
for ever.

Yes, rather let me die than live rebellious and un-
grateful—

Dispute thy slightest wish or word? Dear Jesus,
never! never!

For ever, Mother Mary, beneath thy sheltering wing
I'll place these holy, happy vows which I have
vowed to-day.

O faithful guardian! still to thee I'll humbly, fondly
cling,

And may the gen'rous hopes I feel fade not with
time away!

Ah! sinful earth is still around, and earth and hell
and sin

From heaven above and God and thee will strive
my soul to sever:

Be thou, O Virgin! my defence, and I shall surely
win,

And I shall love thee then indeed, for ever and for
ever.

For ever, glorious Company, O tenderest of Mothers!

Who in thy bosom bearest us with love so wise, so great;

For ever and for ever, we loving band of brothers

Will cleave to thee and cherish thee, whate'er may be thy fate.

To us thou givest ev'ry good and wardest evil from us—

Then craven-hearted could we dare to leave thee? Never, never!

With all our hearts and souls we make this everlasting promise:

Society of Jesus! we'll cling to thee for ever.

DIO AMORE.

“Domine qui amas animas.”—*Wisdom*, xi. 27.

Amo, e sovra il cor mio palpitò il core
 Del mio Diletto, ed era—ah! la tremante
 Lingua osa dirlo appena—era il Signore!

Il Signor che di gloria sfavillante
 Regna ne' cieli, e sua delizia è pure
 Il picciol uomo in questa valle errante!
 Ed attonite il mirano le pure

Intelligenze scendere amantato
 A questa erede di colpe e sciagure,
 E il povero verme lacerato
 Sanar con le sue mani, e a tutti i mondi
 Ridir sua gioia, se da tale è amato.

Io lo vidi per baratri profondi
 Movermi incontro e gridar dolcemente:
 “Perche cotanto al mio desio t'ascondi?”

E più e più appressavasi, e ridente
 Più e più del suo viso era il fulgore,
 E n'arsi ed arderonne eternamente.

Amo, e sovra il cor mio palpitò il core
 Del mio Diletto, ed era—ah si! il proclamo
 All' universo in faccia—era il Signore!
 Io lo vidi, il conobbi, ei m'ama, io l'amo.

THE SAME TRANSLATED.

FROM SILVIO PELLICO.

I LOVE, and 'gainst my heart has throbb'd the heart
 Of my Belovèd ; and his name—my tongue
 Dares scarce to name Him—but, O God ! 'tis God.
 God who in glory radiant reigns in Heaven,
 Yet centres his delight in wretched man,
 In this dark vale a wanderer. Amazed,
 The Seraphim behold their King descend
 Disguisèd, to this heir of crimes and woes,
 And heal with his own hands the mangled worm,
 And tell to all the world his joy, his joy,
 If by that worm He be, perchance, beloved.
 O'er gulfs profound I saw Him move towards me,
 And tenderly, " Ah ! why so long," He cried,
 " From my embrace thou hidest ?" Near, and yet
 More near He came, and bright and yet more bright
 Out flashed the lustre of his eyes. I caught
 The flame, and in that flame shall burn for ever.

I love ; and 'gainst my heart has throbb'd the Heart
 Of my Belovèd ; and his name—yes, yes,
 Before the universe I cry, the Lord !
 I saw, I knew !—I love Him, I am loved.

SEQUENTIA SS. CORDIS.*

VENITE cuncti, currite
Ad Cor Jesu mitissimum :
Cunctos vocat, confidite;
Amoris est incendium.

En illa vobis panditur
Fornax amoris ignea;
En militis recluditur
Is gratiæ fons lanceâ.

O Cor, amoris victima,
Amore nostri saucium,
Mortalium spes ultima,
Solamen hic mœrentium.

Tu Trinitatis gloria,
Unit tibi se Filius,
Sunt Patris in te gaudia,
In te quiescit Spiritus.

Tu portus orbi naufrago,
Reis asylum mentibus,
Cordi cibus famelico,
Certa quies fidelibus.

From the Mass *Venite* of the Paris Missal.

THE SEQUENCE OF THE HEART OF JESUS.

COME all ! Oh ! run, your refuge seek
 In Jesus' Heart most kind, most meek.
 He calleth all. Draw nigh and nigher :
 His love will set your hearts on fire.

Behold, for you is opened wide
 Love's fiery furnace in his side.
 Behold, the fount of grace has here
 Gushed forth beneath the soldier's spear.

Victim of Love, O Sacred Heart !
 Wounded for love of us Thou art.
 Last hope of mortals here below,
 Solace of hearts in pain and woe.

Thou glory of the Trinity,
 The Son unites Himself to thee,
 His joys in thee the Father knows,
 In thee the Spirit doth repose.

A haven to the shipwrecked give,
 Refuge to guilty fugitive,
 Food to the hungry, famished heart,
 To faithful souls sure rest impart.

Hic tuto parant milites
Pulso pavore prælia ;
Pax alma virtutis comes
Hic sede regnat propria.

Quibus nitescent virgines
Hic casta fragrant lilia ;
Et unde fulgent martyres
Blande rubescit purpura.

Hoc quibus mundus agitur
Vices reguntur pectore,
Hoc et quibus abluitur
Manant fluenta gratiæ.

O Cor, Deo par victima,
Altare sacratissimum,
In quo perennis hostia
Culpas piat mortalium.

O Cor amore saucium,
Amore corda saucia ;
O jugis amor cœlitum,
Amore nos inebria. Amen.

The soldier, safe from harm and fear,
Makes ready for the combat here;
Here peace benign, the comrade meet
Of valour, reigns on royal seat.

Lilies that virgin-brows have crowned
Throw their chaste fragrance here around;
Here is the purple torrent shed
That dyes the martyr's robe of red.

The vast world's ever changing way
Through time and space this Heart does sway;
The streams of grace which wash its stains
Flow from this Heart's most sacred veins.

O Heart, O Victim all divine,
O thou thrice hallowed altar-shrine!
On which for aye that blood is spilt
Which expiates all human guilt.

O Heart which love hath wounded! wound
Our sinful hearts with love profound.
Thou changeless Love of saints above!
Inebriate us with thy love.

SUSPIRIA S. ALOYSII.

O CHRISTE, pendes arbore,
 Amore vulneratus,
 Pendes amoris Victima !
 Quid, Christe mi, rependam ?

Lates minuto maximus
 Sub panis involucro,
 Mihique te das ferculum :
 Quid, Christe mi, rependam ?

Me sic amantis gloriæ
 Vitamque sanguinemque
 Si millies impendero,
 Proh ! quantulum rependam ?

Hæc sola posthac vita sit
 Sudor laborque solus,
 Amare te pro viribus
 Morique sic amando.

Et te, Maria, Virginem
 Cum Filio Parentem,
 Dum spiro, testor sidera,
 Te diligam, Maria.

Sed, Mater, ut clientulum
 Juves periclitantem
 Per Filii te vulnera
 Obtestor et cruorem.

THE ASPIRATIONS OF ST. ALOYSIUS.*

O Jesus, stretched upon the Tree,
 Thou hangest, dying for my sake,
 The victim of thy love for me—
 Ah! what return, my Jesus, shall I make?

Beneath the mean disguise of bread,
 Great God, Thou hidest for my sake,
 And thus Thou oft my soul hast fed:
 Ah! what return, my Jesus, shall I make?

Were my heart's life-blood all to flow
 A thousand times for thy dear sake,
 Who lovest and hast loved me so—
 Alas! ev'n then what poor return I'd make!

Be this henceforth my life's delight,
 My duty, toil, and yearning cry,
 To love Thee, Lord, with all my might,
 And in thus loving Thee, at last to die.

And thee, O Mary, Virgin blest!
 Holding a mother's place above,
 I bid the starry heavens attest
 That thee, O Mary, I will always love.

But, Mother, see what dangers press
 Round thy poor client! I implore
 Thy loving help in my distress,
 By thy Son's wounds and by his sacred gore.

* This is from the *Manuale Pietatis Christianæ* of Father Schneider, who gives no reason for calling it *Suspiria Sancti Aloysii Gonzagæ*.

COR CORDIUM.*

Ecco, alma mia, il tuo Dio, l'amante fido,
 Aprir si fa da cruda lancia il petto;
 Questo de' tuoi riposi è il nido eletto—
 Tortorella raminga, al nido! al nido!

Ecco, perché tu scampi dall' infido
 Mondo, spalanca un porto il tuo diletto;
 Questo nelle tempeste è il tuo ricetta—
 Navicella agitata, al lido! al lido!

Ecco ch' alla tua sete il fonte aprio
 Di Gesù nel costato un duro telo:
 Sitibonda cervetta, al rio! al rio!

Alma! il tuo nido, e il porto, e il rio ti svelo,
 Anzi il tuo cièl ti svelo in seno a un Dio:
 Ove dunque t'aggiri? Al cielo! al cielo!

* This exquisite sonnet is by Dominick Cerasola, a Jesuit lay brother of the last century,

THE SAME IN ENGLISH.

BEHOLD, my soul, thy God who loves thee best,
 Whose Heart was opened by the cruel spear ;
 This is thy resting-place, thy nest is here—
 Poor wandering dove ! fly to the nest, the nest !

Behold, while life's false sea thou sailest o'er,
 Thy God has placed a shelt'ring haven near
 Where thou may'st nevermore the tempest fear—
 Poor shattered bark ! fly to the shore, the shore !

Behold, to quench thy thirst Christ opens wide
 'Neath the rude lance a fountain in his side :
 Poor panting fawn, the river, to the river !

Thy river, O my soul ! thy port, thy nest,
 Thy Heaven itself is in the Saviour's breast.
 Ah ! whither fly ? To Heaven, to Heaven for ever !

CANTICUM DOLORIS ET AMORIS DE CORDE JESU.*

(EX P. SCHAUENBURG.)

Huc adesto invitatus
Quisquis excors non es natus !
Magnum Jesu Cor canamus ;
Nostra illo accendamus.
Corde hoc si non moveris,
Frigidus si intueris,
Durum, homo, marmor es,
Et in corde riget aes.

O quam dulces hic amores !
O quam acres hic dolores !
Gleba vilis ! te amavit :
Gens scelestas ! te ploravit.

Nostræ plenum Cor salutis !
Ut liceret esse tutis,
Nobis dare fuit votum
Vitam, sanguinemque totum.

Spinis caput perforatur :
Pes manusque terebratur ;
Plures tamen et majores
Perfodere Cor dolores :

* We have only made a selection out of Father Schauenburg's twenty-four sonorous stanzas, after each of which the refrain is supposed to be

THE CANTICLE OF THE SACRED HEART.

COME hither, and in worship kneel,
 Oh, thou who hast a heart to feel !
 Let Jesus' Heart our song inspire,
 And set our hearts, ev'n ours, on fire.

If, by this Heart unmoved still,
 Thou gazest on It, cold and chill,
 O man, how cruel art thou grown !
 Thy heart is dull and hard as stone.

How sweet the love that burneth here,
 How bitter all the grief and fear !
 Vile clod, how He hath loved thee, see !
 Oh, wicked man ! He wept for thee.

O Heart, on our salvation bent,
 And for our ransom torn and spent !
 Thou, that in safety we might live,
 Thy life, thy heart's blood all, wouldst give.

With cruel thorns thy brow is riven,
 In feet and hands the nails are driven;
 But far more frequent and more fierce,
 The pangs thy Sacred Heart which pierce.

repeated. Father Schauenburg was a German Jesuit who lived early in the eighteenth century.

Homo ! ubi cor est tuum ?
Homo ! Deus litat suum :
Et hoc Cor non redamabis,
Neque cor pro Corde dabis ?

Cor amatum ! sit novarum
Tandem finis gratiarum :
Post tot mala refloresce,
Inter gaudia quiesce.

At non ita : Cor se velat,
Novo se invento celat :
Jesus esca fit ac potus,
Semper ut sit noster totus.

Cor tam amans non amatur :
Cor tam sanctum violatur :
Hanc mercedem fers, O Deus !
Sic amaris, amor meus !

Ah ne ultra rebellemus !
Corde toto Cor amemus :
Culpas omnes eluamus
Probrum omne deleamus.

Quam te arcte Cor hoc stringet !
Quam te totum mox refinget !
O quam te habebit carum
Non jam memor ærumnarum.

Corde hoc si non moveris,
Frigidus si intueris,
Durum, homo, marmor es,
Et in corde riget aes.

Thy heart, O man, where has it flown?
For thee, God immolates his own!
In thy heart's love hath He no part?
Wilt thou not give Him heart for heart?

O Heart of love! let Calvary
At length thy last of graces be,
And after all thy toils and woes
Amid the joys of Heaven repose.

But ah! not so: this Heart hath tried
A new device its love to hide:
Jesus becomes our food, that He
All, all our own may ever be.

This loving Heart how many spurn
And give but outrage in return!
This is thy guerdon, God above!
Thus art Thou loved, my Love, my Love!
No more let's play the traitor's part,
But love this Heart with all our heart,
While sorrow's flood and fervour's flame
Cleanse and consume our sinful shame.

Close, close this Heart shall thee embrace,
And form thy soul anew to grace,
And hold thee as its cherished one,
Forgetting all that thou hast done.

If, by this Heart unmoved still,
Thou gazest on It, cold and chill,
O man, how cruel hast thou grown!
Thy heart is dull and hard as stone.

FAITH AND FEELING.

OUR faith is not a fancy or a feeling
 That varies with the mood or with the day—
 Vivid, when we in solitude are kneeling;
 Dull, when amongst the bustling world we stray.

Faith is the mind's undoubting acquiescence
 In all that God for our belief has told,
 Chiefly through his unseen, abiding presence
 Within his Church on earth, the Christian fold.

That thus God speaks, to humble Faith is plainer
 Than facts the plainest in the world of sense;
 God's own existence as that world's sustainer
 Can scarce be grasped with feeling more intense.

But still our faith is not a thing of feeling,
 Changing with health or place or hour of day.
 Be not too much afraid, if sometimes, kneeling
 Before the altar, you can scarcely pray.

For do not all believe that God above us—
 In whom alone we live, and move, and are—
 Closer than mother's arm, doth clasp and love us?
 Yet doth not He at times seem distant far?

Again, the thought may startle us unheeding :

“Jesus so near, and my heart far away !

He from the altar there that heart is reading—

If men could read it now, what would they say ?”

Alas ! they'd say that Love divine receiveth

From human love a tardy, scant return :

For what the least believing soul believeth

Should make that soul with love and worship burn.

Nay, would our inmost hearts thus show that nigh us

At ev'ry moment is the infinite Lord,

Who for each thought, and word, and deed, will
try us,

Dealing due chastisement or due reward ?

Before the altar here, our hearts for Jesus

Should throb and yearn as for our hidden God ;

But, ah ! till He from mortal prison frees us,

By dimmer light we patiently must plod.

The generous glow, the soul's sublime emotion—

We cannot bid these come and go at will ;

And truths which claim our mind's entire devotion

May oft awake in us no answering thrill.

But Faith stands firm. We bless God and adore
Him,

As if He shone revealed unto our eyes ;

With heart and mind and soul we bow before Him,

In Heaven's bright glory or earth's dark disguise.

THE SACRAMENTAL PRESENCE.

IN ancient Hebrew days, ere love's new law
 Of grace and mercy had begun its reign,
 Ev'n then the leader of the chosen race
 Could boast that 'mid the gentile tribes of earth,
 Devising idols as their hearts desired,
 No nation was so great, or had its god
 So nigh as God was present to *their* prayers.*

Yes, 'neath that sterner dispensation, God
 Was very near and dear unto his own,
 Prompting their cries of longing for the day
 When He who was to come should come at last.
 And when at last He came, how near and dear
 He made Himself—a Babe in maiden's arms,
 And then through each pathetic phase of life,
 "Lo, Adam is become as one of us"†—
 He, of the second Eve not spouse but Son.

Is this communion of divine and human
 Ended on earth and all for Heaven reserved?
 Is God more distant than the cloud that hung
 Above his people toiling o'er the sands?
 Not so within the one true Church of Christ.
 Without, they say to Him, "Lord! Lord!" yet hold
 That man is more estrangèd now from God

* Deut. iv. 7.

† Gen. iii. 23.

Than were the stubborn Hebrew race of yore,
Ere yet the Almighty's infant arms had twined
In love around the Maiden Mother's neck.
Not ours this cold, unloving creed. We know
That Christ is Priest for ever of *his* kind
Who offered bread and wine; and we believe
With eager gladness that the Infinite God
Who could unmake and make a million worlds
As easily and quickly as He plants
A daisy in the sod—yes, we believe
That He who could feed thousands with a crumb
Fulfilled his plainest promise, and bequeathed
Unto his people, whom He bought so dear,
His very body and his very blood,
The one great sacrifice renewed for ever.

“Do this for My remembrance.” We obey
The loving mandate, with most humble faith
In this last depth of God's compassionate love.
Before the altar of Emmanuel,
Before his poorest shrine we kneel and cry:
“Behold the tabernacle of God with men,
And He will dwell with them, and they shall be
His people, and the Lord shall be their God.”*

* Apoc. xxi. 3.

FIRST AND LAST COMMUNION.

YES, I remember well the time, the place,
 Of First Communion—date of rarest grace,
 Sweetest of childhood's happy days! for then,
 As when He walked amongst the sons of men,
 Christ in his arms raised up his little child,
 With soothing gesture fatherly and mild,
 And pressed him to his bosom. With the same
 Unutterable tenderness He came
 Into our hearts full often since that day.
 How many more such visits shall He pay
 Before He comes to summon us away?
 How many such between us and the shore
 Of that dark ocean *He* will waft us o'er
 As our Viaticum? Ah! none can tell
 Save only One who keeps the secret well.
 To Him I leave the manner, time, and place,
 Of that dread change, so He but give the grace
 Of Last Communion. When, and how, and where,
 I know not, care not; but for *this* I care—
 Dying, may I my Last Communion make
 In peace with Him who died, too, for my sake,
 And may that loving Lord my parting spirit take!

APPENDIX.

6

CORPUS CHRISTI.

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

REJOICE, thou Church of God ! be glad,
 This day triumphant here below !
 He comes, in meekest emblems clad ;
 Himself He cometh to bestow !

That body which thou gav'st, O Earth,
 He gives thee back—that Flesh, that Blood ;
 Born of the Altar's mystic birth ;
 At once thy Worship and thy Food.

He who of old on Calvary bled
 On all thine altars lies to-day,
 A bloodless Sacrifice, but dread ;
 The Lamb in Heaven adored for aye.

His Godhead on the Cross He veiled ;
 His Manhood here He veileth too :
 But Faith has eagle eyes unscaled ;
 And Love to Him she loves is true.

"I will not leave you orphans. Lo !
 While lasts the world, with you am I."
 Saviour ! we see Thee not, but know,
 With burning hearts, that Thou art nigh !

He comes ! Blue Heaven, thine incense breathe
 O'er all the consecrated sod ;
 And thou, O Earth, with flowers enwreath
 The steps of thine advancing God !

THE ADORO TE DEVOTE OF ST. THOMAS.

TRANSLATED BY JOHN O'HAGAN, Q.C.

HIDDEN God, devoutly I adore Thee,
Truly present underneath these veils:
All my heart subdues itself before Thee,
Since it all before Thee faints and fails.

Not to sight or taste or touch be credit,
Hearing only do we trust secure:
I believe, for God the Son hath said it,
Word of truth that ever shall endure.

On the cross was veiled thy Godhead's splendour,
Here thy manhood lieth hidden too;
Unto both alike my faith I render,
And, as sued the contrite thief, I sue.

Though I look not on thy wounds, with Thomas,
Thee, my Lord, and Thee, my God, I call.
Make me more and more believe thy promise,
Hope in Thee, and love Thee over all.

O memorial of my Saviour dying!
Living Bread, that givest life to man!
May my soul, its life from Thee supplying,
Taste thy sweetness, as on earth it can.

Deign, O Jesus, Pelican* of Heaven,
Me, a sinner, in thy blood to lave,
To a single drop of which is given
All the world from all its sin to save.

Contemplating, Lord, thy hidden Presence,
Grant me what I thirst for and implore,
In the revelation of thine essence,
To behold thy glory evermore.

* This epithet may be explained by these words from one of Moore's "Irish Melodies" :—

"Our hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest,
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast."

ST. BERNARD'S HYMN.

TRANSLATED BY JOHN O'HAGAN, Q.C.

THE memory of Jesus blest
 Gives joy to be the bosom's guest ;
 But, over honey-dew, doth rest
 His sweetest presence in the breast.

No fairer note can music sing,
 No dearer sound from lip can spring ;
 No hidden thought such transport bring,
 As Jesus, Son of God, our King.

Oh ! Refuge of the contrite mind,
 How prompt the sinner's wounds to bind ;
 To all who seek Thee good and kind,
 But what—oh, what—to them that find !

Thou balm of hearts, in whom unite
 The living fount, the spirit's light !
 And joy, surpassing far the might
 Of all desire and all delight.

For what it is thy love to share,
 No pen can write, no tongue declare ;
 The heart alone can witness bear
 That feels the love of Jesus there.

And I will seek Thee in my cell,
 My bosom's chamber guarded well ;
 And when abroad with men I dwell,
 Still seek with love unquenchable.

And I will watch thy tomb beside,
 With Mary at the morning-tide,
 And there, with plaintive cry, abide,
 My soul, and not mine eye, the guide.

My tears thereon shall fall apace,
My lamentation fill the place,
Mine arms thy wounded feet enlace,
And hold them in a long embrace.

And I will in thy footsteps press,
And tread thy paths in faithfulness;
Nor shall my heart its sighs repress
Till Thou thyself its longing bless.

O Jesus, ever wondrous King
Great Victor, nobly triumphing !
The all-desirable, the spring
Of sweets beyond imagining !

When Thou inhabitest the heart,
Then does the truth its light impart ;
The vanities of earth depart,
And all but love's enkindled dart.

Then Jesus, one and all proclaim ;
Implore his love, and bless his name ;
To seek Him be your fervent aim,
Till in the search ye go to flame.

Thee, Jesus, may our tongues adore,
Our lives in thine example soar,
Our hearts to Thee their homage pour,
And love Thee now and evermore. Amen.

THE "LAUDA SION" TRANSLATED.

BY DENIS FLORENCE MAC CARTHY.

LAUD, O Sion, thy Salvation ;
 Loud the anthem of laudation
 To thy King, thy Shepherd, raise.
 What thou canst do, do it boldly,
 For thy best will praise but coldly
 Him who is above all praise.

Theme of themes beyond all telling,
 Living Bread all bread excelling,
 Bread which lives and maketh live—
 Bread which at the sacred Table
 Christ the Lord alone was able
 To the chosen Twelve to give.

Be the hymnal praise sonorous !
 Let our hearts, a gladsome chorus.
 Throb in soft and sweet accord ;
 For this festal day's elation
 Is the grand commemoration
 Of the Supper of our Lord.

See, upon the new King's table,
 The new Pasch, no more unstable,
 Terminates the ancient Rite ;
 What was Old the New effaces,
 Truth the shadowy Type replaces,
 Day dispels the dark of Night.

At the Supper what Christ acted,
 What his loving law enacted,
 Here is done by power Divine ;
 Here, in glad commemoration,
 Is the solemn consecration
 Of the Host from bread and wine.

Hear the Christian dogma stated—
Bread is transubstantiated
 Into Flesh, the wine to Blood;
What nor sight nor touch discerneth,
What no human learning learneth,
 Simple faith hath understood.

Underneath the forms external—
Signs not things—sublime, supernal
 Hidden secrets here we find—
Bread to Flesh ; to Blood, wine's sweetness ;
Christ, in absolute completeness,
 Is contained in either kind.

Undiminished by partaking,
Undivided in the breaking,
 In each portion Christ finds room—
Thousands eat of what one eateth,
This one's act the next repeateth,
 Unconsuming, all consume.

At the banquet all seem equal,
Good and bad ; but ah ! the sequel—
 Life or death is in the food :
See how different the dividing—
To the bad, 'tis death providing ;
 Life, salvation, to the good.

When the solemn words are spoken,
Doubt not, though the Host be broken,
That each fragment doth betoken
 What the sacred whole supplied—
What is broken is partition
Of the outward sign's condition ;
Diminution or addition
 Cannot reach the Signified.

Lo ! for pilgrims deathward wending,
'Neath life's awful burden bending,
See the Angels' bread descending,
 Children's food, to dogs not sent ;

Known by many an adumbration,
Seen in Isaac's immolation,
By the Paschal celebration,
By the mystic Manna meant.

O true Bread! O Shepherd tender!
Be our food and our defender;
Jesus! Jesus! succour render,
Till we see Thee in thy splendour,
In the Land of Life and Love;
Thou from whom all power proceedeth,
Thou who knowest what each one needeth,
Thou who here all mortals feedeth,
Make us guests when Heaven succeedeth,
And co-heirs with saints above.

THE PRISONER OF LOVE.*

BY SISTER MARY STANISLAUS.

How do we treat the Prisoner of our shrine?
Ah! does He never from his altar-throne
Look round for us and find Himself alone?
Alone! Though angels round his prison shine,
Yet does his Heart for our poor love so pine
That 'mid their homage He feels sad and lone,
And mourns the cold unkindness we have shown
A poor return for all his love divine.
Alas! in Judgment's hour how shall we brook
His tender, gentle, and reproachful look?
Nay, though we enter Heaven at once, perchance
'Twere surely purgatory most severe
To pass its gate—whose opening cost so dear—
Beneath the shadow of that sweet, sad glance.

* The author of this sonnet is related to the Translator of the *Lauda Sion* as closely as Adelaide Proctor to Barry Cornwall. The thought occurs in Father Faber's *Blessed Sacrament*.

THOUGHTS AFTER BENEDICTION.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM H. EYRE, S.J.

Et Clausa est Janua.

THEY close the door ! They hide from sight
 The Lord of life and love and light :
 That God, who, risen, took his place
 Full oft 'mid friends that loved his Cross ;
 Then, in a moment, hid his face,
 And left them mourning o'er his loss.
 Yes ! He, awhile, was here in view,
 Amongst us all, his chosen few :
 Now He is gone, and leaves us sad,
 Half sorry that we were so glad.
 For joy is o'er :
 They close the door !
 And we, with Mary, in the gloom,
 Weep by our Love within the tomb.

They close the door ! Now all depart,
 And leave the Church with swelling heart ;
 While I from out my trance awake,
 As one who was of sense bereft,
 And once again my place I take
 With friends on earth I deemed were left.
 For I had thought me in the sky
 With angels worshipping on high ;
 And some with harps made joyous sound,
 And some sweet incense waved around.
 My dream is o'er ;
 They close the door !
 But music's chimes, and fragrance rare,
 To show what was, still flood the air.

They close the door ! I feel too late
 How hidden blessings round us wait ;
 For He was here, who is alway
 Our hope on earth, our bliss above ;
 Nor did I beg of Him to stay,
 Nor thank Him for his gift of love.

My speech was not, "The day wanes fast;
My house, sweet Jesus, go not past;
With burning words my heart inflame;
In breaking bread teach me thy Name."

No! all is o'er;

They close the door!

My God has vanished from my sight;
My sun has set, and all is night.

They close the door! Oh! how I long
For that glad day when I, among
Thy countless lovers, Jesus blest,

Shall see Thee without let or veil;
And, leaning on thy loving breast,

That Presence praise which may not fail:
When Thou hast opened Heaven's gate,
And all the saved shall on Thee wait,
To gaze on Thee for evermore.

For no one there shall close the door,

No! never more

Shall close the door!

But we shall see Thee as Thou art,
And love for aye thy Sacred Heart.



HEART FOR HEART.

It was not from a foreign land,
 Across the tossing sea,
 O'er icy peaks or burning sand,
 That came my Love to me ;
 But could I find in all the skies
 The faintest, farthest star,
 He came to make me only his,
 A thousand times as far.

He wore no robe of glory bright
 To make me all his own ;
 He hid his majesty and might,
 And showed his love alone.
 A child upon a mother's knee—
 Was e'er a gentler art ?
 He made Himself in all like me
 That He might win my heart.

He did not woo with stores of gold,
 Or gems of purest ray,
 But gently did the robe unfold
 That o'er his bosom lay.
 And lo ! a thorn-crowned Heart was there,
 Bathed in a soft, bright flame,
 And writ in red upon It were
 The letters of my name.

Then life for Life, and blood for Blood,
 And heart for Heart be his,
 My hope, my joy, my only good,
 The promise of my bliss—
 Far, far beyond the stars, where He
 Has gone to raise a throne,
 A throne of golden light for me,
 And close beside his own !

AN OUTCAST'S PRAYER.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND.

DEAR Lord ! admit me to thy sanctuary—
 The dawn shines through thy door,
 And oh ! the night has been so wild and weary ;
 Say, shall I wander more ?

Fugitive from Thine enemy's enslavement,
 I seek thy bondage sweet ;
 My grateful kisses, rained upon thy pavement,
 Shall glow beneath thy feet.

My steps have grieved the highways with their bleeding
 While hastening to thy side.
 Thy tenderness were saddened by my pleading
 If I were still denied !

I need not tell Thee any piteous story,
 Thou knowest the ways of sin.
 I scarce dare ask to look upon thy glory :—
 Lord, wilt Thou let me in ?

Oh ! beckon hence my soul with pitying gesture,
 Thy peace to me were dear ;
 The heavy rain of tears is on my vesture,
 My heart is cold with fear.

Look on the face of thy fair Mother, Mary,
 Ne'er shadowed by a sin,
 Whilst angels ope thy longed-for sanctuary
 To take thy suppliant in.

Oh ! let me in to shelter everlasting !
 I weep against thy door.
 For hope of rest my weary soul is wasting—
 Say, shall I wander more ?

A COMMUNION HYMN.

TRANSLATED FROM A PRAYERBOOK OF THE GREEK
CHURCH.

THOU who wouldst rush, with earth-stained feet,
The stainless Flesh of Christ to eat,
Rash man, thy peril know !—
Beware !—of old Heaven's scathing flame*
Adown in angry flashings came,
And smote the scorers low !

Thou who wouldst drink the saving Blood
That streamed from Calvary's purpled rood,
Revenge within thy soul ;
Lift but thine eye to Christ above,
And let his all-forgiving love
Each vengeful thought control !

Yet when, with fluttering pulse and high,
Thou drawest the mystic Victim nigh,
On this dread Altar laid ;
Think 'tis the Lord of Life is here ;
Receive thy Jesus without fear,
And pray as Saints have prayed !

C. W. R.

AT THE ELEVATION.

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

In breathless silence kneel ; with trembling rapture feel
The hour of grace is nigh.
Watch for the signal given, as for a voice from Heaven—
The Lord is standing by.
Stir not the silent air e'en by the words of prayer,
Breathe not too loud a sigh.

* Levit. x. 2

In your heart's deep recess your fears, your hopes express,
Send up a speechless cry.
Mute be the organ's strain, man's voice of praise is vain
When God is all in all.
Speak not, let words alone ; be still, his presence own,
Before Him prostrate fall.
This is no common hour, this is no human power—
God is among you now!
And each full heart may share in Peter's raptured prayer
On the lone mountain's brow.

PRAYER OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

O GOD, I love Thee, only Thee,
And not that I in Heaven may be,
Nor yet that those who love not Thee,
Shall burn in Hell eternally.
Thou, Thou, my Jesus, on the tree,
With outspread arms embracedst me ;
For me didst bear the nails, the spear,
For me didst suffer shame and fear,
And pains and torments manifold,
A sweat of blood, with griefs untold,
Nay, death itself—and all for me,
A sinner vile as vile can be.
Why, then, sweet Jesus, love not Thee
Who lovest me so tenderly?
Not that I may thy glory see,
Nor Hell's eternal tortures flee,
Nor any way rewarded be,
But only as Thou lovest me,
So love I now, and will love Thee,
Only because my King Thou art,
The Lord and God of my poor heart.

THE LAST SACRAMENTS.

BY THE VERY REV. J. H. NEWMAN, D.D.

WHENE'ER goes forth the solemn word,
 And my last hour is come,
 Deal me the gracious stroke, O Lord !
 Within a Christian home.

I pray not, friends of youth may be,
 Or kindred, standing by ;
 Choice blessing ! which I leave to Thee,
 To grant me, or deny

But let my failing limbs beneath
 My Mother's smile recline ;
 My name in sickness and in death
 Heard in her sacred shrine.

And may the Cross beside my bed
 In its dread Presence rest ;
 And may the absolving words be said
 To ease a laden breast.

Thou, Lord, where'er we lie, canst aid ;
 But He, who taught his own
 To live as one, will not upbraid
 The dread to die alone.

COLOPHON.

If, hiding 'neath these simple rhymes,
 Grace o'er thy soul its influence shed,
 Kind reader ! breathe a prayer betimes
 For me, if living—still more, if dead.

M. R.

Opinions of the Press.

If this is Father Russell's first publication in verse, we can only say that we bid him God speed, and hope that he will soon give us some more volumes to criticise. . . . Full of beauty, very sweet and pure. The best religious poetry we have seen this long time.—*Dublin Review*.

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* * Three of these sacred songs—"Two Messages," p. 38, "One Heart and One Soul," p. 49, and the "Communion Hymn," both Latin and English, p. 64, have been set to music by Herr Schulthes of London, and published together, price 1s. 6d., net.

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